

GARY

Wishing we could have a nice Christmas. Like we used to.

MICKI

Like before, or after we had lots of money?

GARY

Like ... last year.

MICKI's *phone rings*.

MICKI

*(Checking the caller ID)*

Emily.

*(Answering the phone)*

Hey! ... Honey, where you at?

GARY

Is she on'er way?

MICKI

Oh, no!

GARY

What?

MICKI

Just a minute.

*(Into the phone)*

What? ... Oh, no! The poor thing. How is he now?

GARY

What? What's going on?

MICKI

Scotty had a really bad fever this mornin'. Emily's had'im at the emergency room all day. He's fine now, but she missed her plane and all the other flights are completely booked. She just got back home from the airport.

*(Into the phone)*

Don't worry, Sweetie. We understand. The important thing is that Scotty's okay.

GARY

Is he okay?

MICKI

That's what I just said.

MICKI (cont.)

*(Into phone)*

Okay, Darlin' ... Call us later ... We love you ... Bye-bye.

*(Hangs up)*

GARY

That's good. Scotty's fine, Emily's staying home, and everyone'll have a merry Christmas.

MICKI

Merry Christmas? Everyone? You're the only one havin' a merry Christmas, Scrooge! Those kids've been plannin' this trip for months. They don't see us - or each other - all year long. They've been lookin' forward to this since they went home after your surgery. And so have I! And I thought you were, too. But, apparently, all that's important to you is how much money you can spend on'em. An' somehow, you've got it in your head that it's important to them, too. Well, it's not! Believe it or not, you raised'em better'an that! So, you just have a merry Christmas all by yourself!

*MICKI exits to the hall.*

*Lights down*

*End of ACT ONE*